

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **In My Ninetieth Year**

By Robert K. Johnson

How lucky that I feel kin  
to the actress dressing for  
her play's last performance  
who tells her costume assistant  
that—at last—she's figured out

the right gesture for a moment  
in the third act's major scene,  
and when the assistant sighs,  
“How sad it's too late now,”  
she replies. “There's still tonight!”